VERTIGO
DC COMICS
NO. 2 OF 6
MAY 02
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
OB1
S.E.X. SPY
"INFERNO"
MOENCH · GULACY · PALMIOTTI
DIRECT SALES
$2.50 US $4.25 CAN
dccomics.com

S.C.I. SPY

Version 1.2

Story by
DOUG MOENCH &
PAUL GULACY

Pencilled by
PAUL GULACY

Inked by
JIMMY PALMIOTTI

Colored by
PAUL MOUNTS

Lettered by
CLEM ROBINS

Cover by
GULACY &
MOUNTS

Asst. Editor
ZACHARY RAU

Editor
WILL DENNIS

Agent Isis Nile's report cv-101.86
Subject: Nano-Tech Insects
From the Motherbank Auxiliary File: Nanotech.Insects.675

<First contact of the Nanotech Insects (Motherbank classified file: Nanotech Insects: nti8.186) was made initially on the Planet Primus, but only after our perimeter defenses had failed to keep the unknown threat from entering Arcturus space (see supplementary file: Arcturus System: rly0-mothbank.arcturus-xb04.mx[172.20.105.1051). The insects were contained within a host body located inside a cube of unknown material, seemingly its transport. The insects, upon release, began ingesting all living material in their path. The more the insects ingest, the more they seem to reproduce. The insects appear to be able to reproduce asexually, using the living matter they ingest to create offspring. The host body and the cube incinerated upon release of the insects. It is also unknown how>

Alert! Alert!
This is an all-systems Emergency breakthrough. Security breach in a classified sector, Agent Starchild's facilities. Agent Starchild is already on scene. All available agents must be on Alert.....
Alert.....
Alert.....

JENETTE KAHN, President & Editor-in-Chief PAUL LEVITZ, Executive Vice President & Publisher
KAREN BERGER, Executive Editor WILL DENNIS, Editor ZACHARY RAU, Assistant Editor
GEORG BREWER, VP-Design & Retail Product Development
RICHARD BRUNING, VP-Creative Director PATRICK CALDON, Senior VP-Finance & Operations
DOROTHY CROUCH, VP-Licensed Publishing TERRI CUNNINGHAM, VP-Managing Editor
JOEL EHRLICH, Senior VP-Advertising & Promotions
ALISON GILL, VP-Manufacturing LILLIAN LASERSON, VP & General Counsel
JIM LEE, Editorial Director-WildStorm DAVID McKILLIPS, VP-Advertising
JOHN NEE, VP & General Manager-WildStorm
CHERYL RUBIN, VP-Licensing & Merchandising BOB WAYNE, VP-Sales & Marketing

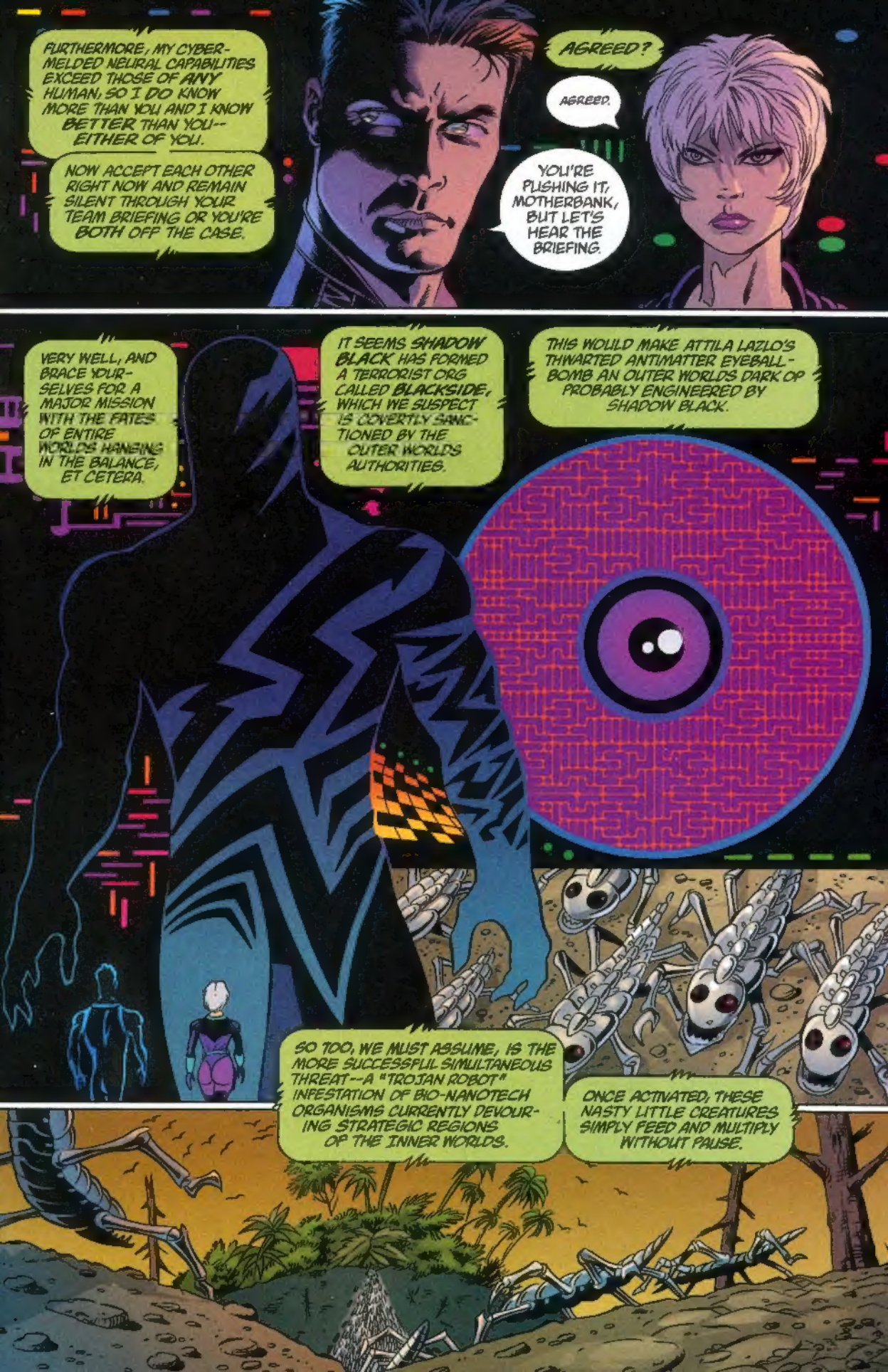
SCI-SPY 2. May, 2002. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.
Copyright ©2002 Doug Moench and Paul Gulacy. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Doug Moench and Paul Gulacy. Vertigo is a trademark of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. Printed on recyclable paper. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories or artwork.
Printed in Canada.
DC Comics. A division of Warner Bros.-An AOL Time Warner Company

TELEPORT SECURITY BREACH! INTRUDER ALERT! UNAUTHORIZED LIFEFORM TRANSMISSION!
GUESS WHAT, STARCHILD?
SHAZZ
BAW BAW BAW
YOU'RE DEAD!
FORCE-FIELD--ONE-WAY FILTER.
TEK
VMMM
WHRR
KLTCH
KLATCH
TEK
POOM
POOM
POOM
SRUKSH
INTRUDER ELIMINATED.
MORE LIKE EXTERMINATED, ORB.
HE WAS STARTING TO BUG ME.
MAX RESPONSE--LOCKED ON WRISTWATCHER TARGET.

INSIDE THE TECHNO-WOMB OF MOTHERBANK, DIRECTOR OF INNER WORLDS SPECIAL COVERT INVESTIGATIONS:
BUT AS THE FIRST AGENT SCRAMBLED TO THE SCENE, MOTHERBANK, I SHOULD LEAD THIS MISSION --AND BE ALLOWED TO CHOOSE MY PARTNER.
THIS IS A SPECIAL MISSION, AGENT NILE, TRANSCENDING NORMAL PROTOCOL.
EXACTLY! WITH THOSE NANOTECH CREATURES EATING THE INNER WORLDS ALIVE, YOU NEED THE BEST ON THIS CASE--
--AND EVEN IN MY SLEEP, I'M BETTER THAN SEBASTIAN STARCHILD.
HE'S A NOTORIOUS LONER.
HE BREAKS ALL THE RULES AND REFUSES ANY ENHANCEMENTS, EVEN THE MOST BASIC BIO-PROTECTIVE--
DO NOT LECTURE ME, AGENT NILE, NOT ABOUT STARCHILD.
BUT MOTHERBANK, YOU KNOW HE'S A FLESH-PURE WHACK-ASS WHO--
IS THE BEST AGENT IN THE HISTORY OF S.C.I.-SPY, AND PERHAPS I SHOULD LECTURE YOU ON THE FACTS OF HIS LIFE.
BY OLD-EARTH BIOLOGICAL CLOCK, HIS STORY BEGAN SOME TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO...

"...WHEN THE TRADE SHIP CERES CAME UPON A MYSTERY CAPSULE DRIFTING THROUGH OUR ARCTURUS SYSTEM--THE DISCOVERY OF A NEO-MOSES IN THE 'COSMIC BULRUSHES.'
"TO THIS DAY WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THE CAPSULE'S CRYO-FROZEN BABY CAME FROM OR HOW LONG HE FLOATED IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION. EVEN WHAT DISTANCE THAT CAPSULE MAY HAVE TRAVELED.
"BUT THE CHILD WAS FULLY HUMAN. SOMEHOW ONE OF US, AND I ELECTED TO RAISE HIM MYSELF, SHAPING HIS MIND AND BODY ALIKE TOWARD A SINGLE GOAL FROM DAY ONE--THE BEST AGENT POSSIBLE.
"EVEN AS A YOUTH HE RESISTED ALL SURGICAL, BIOLOGICAL, AND CYBER-NETIC ENHANCEMENTS --WITH A FIERCE, ALMOST INSTINCTIVE PASSION.
"I NEARLY FORCED CERTAIN BASIC IMPLANTS ON HIM, BUT DECIDED TO WAIT UNTIL HE CHANGED HIS MIND. THIS HE NEVER DID, WHILE MATURING IN EVERY OTHER WAY INTO A SUPERB SPECIMEN.
"AND NOW, AS STUBBORNLY FLESH-PURE AS HE REMAINS, THE ARCTURUS SYSTEM'S GREATEST MYSTERY MAN IS ALSO S.C.I.-SPY'S PERFECT AGENT.
"THE BEST, AGENT NILE, END OF STORY."

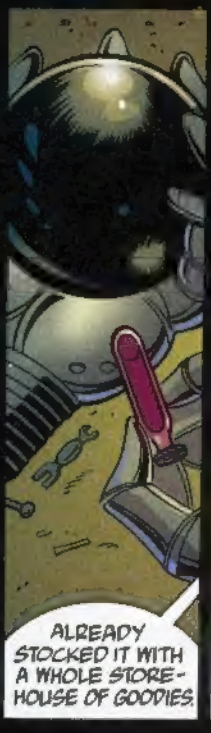
I'VE READ HIS FILE, MOTHERBANK, AND WHILE YOU MAY BE HIS ADOPTIVE "MOTHER," NEPOTISM DOESN'T--
ZHEEM
ASSASSIN.
BREACHED MY PORT.
DUFT!
CHANGE THE TRANSMISSION CODING, MOTHERBANK, THEN RUN AN I.D. CHECK ON--
I KNOW WHO HE IS--A KILLER-BUG NAMED CHAXX, USUALLY EMPLOYED BY SHADOW BLACK.
AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IMPRESSED --BUT WHO ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?
MEET AGENT ISIS NILE, SEBASTIAN--YOUR PARTNER FOR THE DURATION.
YOU KNOW DAMN WELL I WORK ALONE, MOTHERBANK-- JUST ORB AND ME.
LOOK AT YOU -- NOT A SINGLE FASCIA IMPLANT, NOTHING BUT RETRO ULTRA-VI LENSES.
PROBABLY WON'T ACCEPT SO MUCH AS A HYPER-DYNE JOLT.
HUMANITY'S ULTIMATE TABOO-- STAYING HUMAN.
AGENT NILE DOES HAVE A POINT, SEBASTIAN, AND IF YOU'D JUST--
WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT STAYING HUMAN, MOTHERBANK? YOU'VE BEEN DEAD FOR CENTURIES.
I AM HARDLY DECEASED, SEBASTIAN, SIMPLY BECAUSE I EXIST BEYOND FLESH.


FURTHERMORE, MY CYBER-MELDED NEURAL CAPABILITIES EXCEED THOSE OF ANY HUMAN, SO I DO KNOW MORE THAN YOU AND I KNOW BETTER THAN YOU-- EITHER OF YOU.
NOW ACCEPT EACH OTHER RIGHT NOW AND REMAIN SILENT THROUGH YOUR TEAM BRIEFING OR YOU'RE BOTH OFF THE CASE.
AGREED?
AGREED.
YOU'RE PUSHING IT, MOTHERBANK, BUT LET'S HEAR THE BRIEFING.
VERY WELL, AND BRACE YOURSELVES FOR A MAJOR MISSION WITH THE FATES OF ENTIRE WORLDS HANGING IN THE BALANCE, ET CETERA.
IT SEEMS SHADOW BLACK HAS FORMED A TERRORIST ORG CALLED BLACKSIDE, WHICH WE SUSPECT IS COVERTLY SANCTIONED BY THE OUTER WORLDS AUTHORITIES.
THIS WOULD MAKE ATTILA LAZLO'S THWARTED ANTIMATTER EYEBALL-BOMB AN OUTER WORLDS DARK OP PROBABLY ENGINEERED BY SHADOW BLACK.
SO TOO, WE MUST ASSUME, IS THE MORE SUCCESSFUL SIMULTANEOUS THREAT--A "TROJAN ROBOT" INFESTATION OF BIO-NANOTECH ORGANISMS CURRENTLY DEVOURING STRATEGIC REGIONS OF THE INNER WORLDS.
ONCE ACTIVATED, THESE NASTY LITTLE CREATURES SIMPLY FEED AND MULTIPLY WITHOUT PAUSE.

EXPANDINGLY CONCENTRIC EVACUATIONS ARE UNDER WAY, BUT IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THE RATE OF NANOTECH SPREAD OUTPACES OUR ABILITY TO STAY AHEAD OF IT.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HALT THE EXPONENTIAL MULTIPLICATION OF THE ENTITIES--BY NULLIFYING WHATEVER RADIATION FREQUENCIES TRIGGERED THEM TO LIFE.
WE'RE CYCLING THROUGH THE POSSIBLE FREQUENCIES NOW, BUT IT WILL TAKE AN ESTIMATED THREE WEEKS TO ISOLATE THE CORRECT COMBINATION--AND THAT'S ON THE STATISTICALLY LUCKY SIDE.
LONG BEFORE THEN, OF COURSE, THE INNER WORLDS LAND SURFACES WILL BE NOTHING BUT SEETHING MASSES OF NANOTECH "HUNGERBUGS" ENDLESSLY EATING AND RESPAWNING EACH OTHER.
SO WE HAVE OUR TICKING CLOCK AND YOU'D BEST GET BUSY.
FIRST PRIORITY: PENETRATE SHADOW BLACK'S ORG TO LEARN THE NANO-TECH FREQUENCIES BEFORE EVERYTHING'S BEEN EATEN AND CONVERTED TO HUNGERBUGS.
WHICH MEANS WE GO UNDER-COVER.
AND THAT MEANS WE'RE OFF TO SEE--

"--WIZARD."
CHECK THE MAGIC, MANCHILD, OF MY DISAPPEARING-HAND TRICK.
YOU REJECT ALL MY BEST STUFF FOR YOUR OWN SKINBONES-SELF, SO I'VE FITTED YOUR ORB WITH THIS FOURTH-DIMENSIONAL TESSERACT-POUCH--ACCESSED HERE.
VERY NICE, WIZARD.

"NICE," THE FLESHBOY SAYS--AFTER I CONVERT HIS ORB INTO A BOTTOMLESS BAG OF TRICKS WHOSE INTERIOR VOLUME IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES GREATER THAN ITS EXTERIOR DIMENSIONS.
SAME SMALL SIZE ON THE OUTSIDE, SEBBO, BUT NOW VAST ON THE INSIDE--ALTHOUGH LIMITED, OF COURSE, BY THE ACCESS HATCH'S DIAMETER.
YOU RIDE WITH THAT? YOUR ORB CAN NOW STASH MANY SMALL THINGS, BUT NO SINGLE LARGE THING.


ALREADY STOCKED IT WITH A WHOLE STORE-HOUSE OF GOODIES.

YEAR'S SUPPLY OF NUTRITIONAL AND MEDICINAL PROVISIONS...

...FIFTY SPARES OF YOUR FAVORED SIDEARM, THE TESLA-9 ...A THOUSAND POPPERS, FIVE HUNDRED ASSORTED SMART-GRENADES, KNOCKOUT BANGS, AND OTHER EXPLOSIVES...
...TEN THOUSAND FUEL PELLETS FOR YOUR SLIVER...A DOZEN QUARTER-SCALE CLONE DUPES OF THE ORB ITSELF...AND SUNDRY OTHER SURPRISES.

AND SHE DON'T EVEN WEIGH A GRAM HEAVIER--STILL FLOATS LIKE STINK ON A BREEZE.

SO WHO'S YOUR FELLOW MOTHERBANK-SLAVE FOR THIS JAUNT?
I'M NOBODY'S SLAVE, WIZARD, AND SOON I WON'T EVEN BE ISIS NILE...

"...NOT AFTER WE GO LOOKING FOR WORK AS TERRORISTS"
JUST CROSSED THE BORDER ZONE BETWEEN INNER AND OUTER WORLDS, NILE, SO I ASSUME THAT'S THE "DIVE" YOU KNOW ABOUT?
THAT'S IT, STARCHILD, BUT YOU SURE DON'T LOOK LIKE ITS HARDBITTEN MERCENARY CLIENTELE.
MORE LIKE SOME SKIN-PURE GALACTIC PIMP.
WITH YOU DISTRACTING ALL ATTENTION AS MY CAT-EYED BITCH.
HNH.
JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, STARCHILD, AND LET ME LAY ALL THE LIP
LIP AWAY, NILE, AND I'LL COVER.
WE'RE LOOKING FOR WORK
ANY OF YOU SCABROUS BASTARDS HIRING?
WHAT KIND OF WORK?
WHAT KIND DO YOU THINK?
THE KIND THAT DISHES GRIEF TO MOTHERBANK'S PRECIOUS INNER WORLDS.
OVER HERE

HOW 'BOUT SOME HEAVY LIFTING IN HELL?
DEPENDS ON WHO THE DEVIL IS
SOON'S I HIT BOTTOM ON THIS DRINK, I'M HEADIN' FOR BLACKSIDE INFERNO
TOO EASY?
MAYBE
IF THAT'S A SHADOW BLACK BASE, IT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
TROUBLE AHEAD?
PROBABLY
THE JACKPOT?
DEFINITELY
INFERNO · A WORM-TUNNELED AIR-SHEATHED MOONLET PERPETUALLY SYNCHED TO THE DARK SIDE OF OUTER WORLD SCORPIO

THESE TWO ARE PROBABLY SPIES.
TORTURE 'EM TILL THEY TALK
I'LL GO TELL BLACK.
YOU GET NO ORDERS WITHIN AN HOUR, KILL 'EM BOTH WHETHER THEY'VE TALKED OR NOT.
FAR ENOUGH
YOUR WEAPONS--NOW!
NOW!
HOW MANY YOU GOT, ORB?
LOCKED ON TWO, NINE AND THREE O'CLOCK.
DO IT.

SCHARK
SCHARK
ZAP
CHUN
NOW, NILE!
ZAP ZAP ZAP
CHUN CHUN
ANTIGRAV SPHERE! BLAST THE THING BEFORE--
BAW BAW BAW BAW BAW
AUTOMATIC ALARM, STARCHILD--BRINGING SCUM ON THE RUN.
IF WE BAIL RIGHT NOW, WE JUST MIGHT MAKE IT.
I AGREE, NILE.
AGH-K!
WHICH MEANS?
WE GO THE OTHER WAY--DEEPER INTO INFERNO TO GET WHAT WE CAME FOR.
GOOD ANSWER

BAWBAWBAWBAW
STAY HERE, ORB.
HOVER HIGH--AND TRY TO KEEP THIS PASSAGE CLEAR.
NOW WHAT DO YOU NEED, NILE?
ACCESS TO BLACKSIDE'S DATA BANK
ANY INFERNO TERMINAL SHOULD DO.
THEN LET'S FIND ONE
BAWBAWBAW
THERE.
HWUK
MAKE IT FAST, NILE! I CAN HOLD THIS POSITION FOR A WHILE...
...BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE DON'T HAVE LONG.
NO SHIT, STARCHILD...

"...AND NEITHER DO THE INNER WORLDS--NOT WITH THOSE NANOTECH HUNGERBUGS ON THEIR CHAIN REACTION FEAST."
THIS IS FUCKED! THE FEW WE DESTROY JUST FEED THE OTHERS TO HELP THEM MULTIPLY FASTER!
SCHOOM
CHARK
JUST KEEP BLASTING! BUY TIME FOR THE EVACUEES!
BAWBAWBAW
CHUN CHUN
COME ON, NILE!
PAKT
YOU'VE BEEN BRAGGING ABOUT YOUR TECH SKILLS...
HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU NEED?
GOT IT--BUT IT'S NOT HERE.
WHAT?
THE NANOTECH FREQUENCIES ARE ENCODED IN SOMETHING CALLED "THE LUCIFER FILE"

IT'S STASHED IN A CAVE OF AMMONIA ICE ON OUTER WORLD NAGA
NAGA'S NO WORLD
IT'S A BARREN HELL
YES, AND I'VE GOT THE CAVE COORDINATES MEMORIZED
WE CAN SURRENDER NOW--AND WITH ANY LUCK.
KUHKLAK
...WE'LL MEET SHADOW BLACK HIMSELF BEFORE OUR BIG MIRACLE ESCAPE
KLAKT
CHAXX CLONES, HUH?
EASY, BUGHEADS--YOU MAY HAVE US
"...BUT I'LL BET YOUR BOSS WANTS US"
SPIES, SHADOW--FROM THE PRIVILEGED INNER WORLDS.
YOUR CLONES HAVE BROUGHT US WHAT, CHAXX?
SENT BY HOLIER-THAN-THOU MOTHERBANK, THEN, IMMORTAL FOUNDER OF THE ARCTURUS SYSTEM MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS AGO
ODD HOW ALL THE WORLDS RUN ON EARTH-YEARS, ISN'T IT?--REGARDLESS OF ACTUAL SOLAR ORBITS.

BIOLOGICAL CLOCKS KEEP THE BEST TIME, BLACK
OR PERHAPS SOME THINGS, SPY, JUST RUN IN THE BLOOD.
LIKE EVIL?
IF I'M EVIL, WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOUR PRECIOUS MOTHERBANK?
A HUMAN PSYCHE EMBEDDED IN THE SYSTEM'S MASTER CONTROL PROGRAM
A PROGRAM FAVORING THE INNER WORLDS--EVEN AS THEY EXPLOIT THE OUTER ONES
YOU DECLARED YOURSELVES SEPARATE, BLACK--BY STARTING THIS COLD WAR OF SABOTAGE AND TERRORISM
WE WERE KEPT SEPARATE--BY THOSE MONOPOLIZING SUPERIOR CONDITIONS
THE INNER WORLDS WERE THE FIRST ONES TERRAFORMED AND COLONIZED.
IT'LL TAKE TIME FOR YOUR OUTER WORLD CONDITIONS TO CATCH UP
IT'S A FUNCTION OF ELITISM, SPY, NOT TIME!
MOTHERBANK WANTS US TO REMAIN BACKWARD--A SOURCE OF CHEAP LABOR AND RESOURCES!

SHE WANTS TO KEEP THE INNER WORLDS PERPETUALLY SUPERIOR-- PRIVATE EDENS THRIVING AT THE EXPENSE OF THOSE WHO WERE KICKED OUT! SHE WANTS--
THAT'S ENOUGH, CHAXX
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, BUGFACE?
THE ORIGINAL SETTLERS OF YOUR OUTER PLANETS WERE ALL CONVICTS-- LUCKY TO GET A SECOND CHANCE BEYOND PRISON.
A "SECOND CHANCE" DOING ALL OF MOTHERBANK'S DIRTY WORK!
THAT'S HOW YOU JUSTIFY DEVOURING A THOUSAND YEARS OF TERRAFORMING WITH YOUR NANO-TECH HORDES?
THE DEBATE'S OVER, CHAXX! THEY CLEARLY HAVE NO IDEA WHO AND WHAT MOTHERBANK REALLY IS!
OUR ANCESTORS WERE USED AS SLAVES, AND WE'RE GOING TO--
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BLACK?
WHO IS MOTHERBANK? WHAT IS SHE?
I DON'T ANSWER MY ENEMIES' QUESTIONS
I LET THEM DIE IN DARKNESS AND IGNORANCE.
EJECT THEM INTO SPACE
NAKED.

NOT BAD, NILE--YOU ALMOST BAITED CHAXX INTO SPILLING
UNTIL YOU YAPPED MY PLAY COLD.
LAY DOWN ANOTHER--AND THIS TIME I'LL TOP IT
YOU'RE ON.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
NOTHING CRAP ABOUT WATCHING YOU TWO HIT SPACE NAKED
AT LEAST LET ME WEAR MY WRIST-WATCHER..
IT WAS A GIFT--FROM MY MOTHER.
THE FACT THAT YOUR PRIME GETS TO HANG IN SHADOW BLACK'S SHADOW--LEAVING THE CRAP WORK FOR HIS MERE CLONES
HAND IT OVER--NOW.
YOU'RE RIGHT ONCE I'M DEAD, IT'LL BE AS IF MY MOTHER NEVER GAVE BIRTH.
JUST ONE REQUEST.
PLEASE DON'T PRESS THE UPPER RIGHT BUTTON.

THIS BUTTON?
TEK
WHY NOT?
"BECAUSE IT SUMMONS THE EXECUTIONER."
BEEP
"WHAT EXECUTIONER?"
VAH
ZHZHZH
SCHARK
YOURS.
ZERT ZERT
SCHARK
THIS IS OUR BIG MIRACLE ESCAPE?
UNLESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING BETTER.
AHRRR!
THIS'LL DO...

...PROVIDED YOU CAN FINISH.
DEFINITELY.
OPEN YOUR NEW TESSERACT, ORB.
SCHASP
DEET
DEFINITELY HOW?
WITH A BANG.
SEVERAL BIG BANGS, IN FACT.
SOME OF WIZARD'S BUTTON BOMBS?
SCHASP
YEP--GIVING US SIXTY SECONDS TO VACATE INFERNO.
ALREADY COUNTING DOWN.

--SECONDS TO VACATE INFERNO. ALREADY COUNTING DOWN.
YOU HEAR THAT, CHAXX?
YOUR CLONES LET THEM ESCAPE-- AND THEY'VE DROPPED EXPLOSIVES.
OUT-- NOW!
WIZARD MAKES GOOD BOOTS, STARCHILD.
JUST LIKE HIS BOMBS, NILE...
THIRTY SECONDS.
CHUZZ
SHEP
ZERT
LAUNCH, CHAXX-- FAST!
MAX SPEED, SLIVER-- IMMEDIATE DEPARTURE.
GET IN, NILE-- FIFTEEN SECONDS!
GO, CHAXX-- GIVE IT EVERY-THING!

FIVE SECONDS, NILE!
THREE... TWO... ONE...
WE'RE CLEAR, STARCHILD-- BUT ARE WE FAR ENOUGH?

YES.
BUT SO IS SOME-ONE ELSE.
REPORT, ORB.
SENSORS DETECTED ANOTHER LAUNCH, FROM AN INTERNAL DOCK, SHORTLY BEFORE OURS.
SHADOW BLACK AND CHAXX PRIME?
PROBABLY--BUT OTHER THAN THAT, WE PLAYED OFF EACH OTHER FAIRLY WELL.
WELL ENOUGH TO STOP RESENTING THE HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER AND MAKE A DECENT TEAM?
WELL ENOUGH TO DECLARE A TRUCE AND TRY.
ONWARD TO NAGA, THEN.
AND TO ITS AMMONIA ICE-CAVE...
"...BEFORE THE INNER WORLDS ARE EATEN DOWN TO NOTHING BUT NANOTECH CANNIBALS."
NEXT: revelations PART III